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NOTES OF THE WEEK

THE unexpected and unhappy deterioration of Mr. MacDonald's eyesight has involved some slight re-arrangement of the political programme. It was known that a second operation would be necessary. But it was anticipated that this could be postponed till the late summer, and that the Prime Minister would be free to rest during the recess. As things have turned out he will be unable to attend Lausanne or Geneva, and is not likely to be seen in the House of Commons again before July.

Mr. Baldwin Acting Premier

This means that Mr. Baldwin is Acting Prime Minister which may make it difficult for him to go to Ottawa—a matter of more importance than attendance at Lausanne and Geneva, where there seems at present no prospect of a settlement being arrived at on either Disarmament or Reparations. But every care must be taken that the Ottawa Conference, which is vital to the future of Britain and the Empire, shall not fail through inadequate representation or the absence of a plenipotentiary from London.

The alarmist rumours which are in circulation as to the speedy retirement of Mr. MacDonald are without foundation. The trouble is actually confined to his eyes, or rather to one eye, and everything depends on

the recovery of that organ after the operation. If all goes well—and there is no reason to anticipate anything else—he should be restored to active life by the middle of the summer; and so far as his health is concerned, there is no reason why he should contemplate retirement from office in the near future.

Irish Ethics

In the Dail last week the member for Tipperary declared unrebuked that "he went out to kill Lord French, if it were possible to kill the last link of British supremacy in Ireland and he would do the same again to-morrow morning, if the occasion arose." And at the same sitting the member for Louth, whom the Lord Mayor was trying to restrain, rushed across the floor of the House shouting to a fellow member, "O'Connor, if you were a young man, I would kill you where you stand."

These threats I hope and believe are merely words not to be taken too seriously either by those to whom they are addressed or by the world at large. But murder has, after all, been too frequent an incident in Irish politics in the past; and when men begin to whittle down the sanctity of an oath others may begin to ignore the other Commandments. It is impossible to be anything but a pessimist as to the present trend in the Free State.

Disarmament Humbug

Disarmament Conferences never fail, they merely fade away. It would be cruel, then, to suggest that the discussions on disarmament which have just ended at Geneva were a failure; they were merely preparatory, or preliminary to another Conference which will assemble in Geneva in a fortnight's time and that assembly will no doubt debate, discuss and again adjourn—and so *ad infinitum*.

As a pleasant exercise of wits there may be something in it for the politicians who are continually devising fresh formulas which they know nobody will accept, and frustrating other people's proposals which they know are not intended to be taken too seriously. But as an actual contribution to the problem of disarmament it is sufficient to say that every conference has so far been followed by an increase of armaments, and there is no particular reason why the present Conference should be an exception.

Unluckily the public mind is almost as confused in this matter as the politicians, and things are obviously made worse by the rubbish which is produced on the subject by press and pulpit. The sermons and the leading articles, are not, of course, consciously dishonest. But the tacit refusal to face facts which so many of the lecturers and writers on peace and war attest is a form of unconscious dishonesty almost equally evil in its results.

The truth is that war as a form of activity is not as unpopular as the pacifists pretend—the very fact that the word pacifist has a contemptuous sub-meaning is significant of much in this connection—and propaganda for peace appears to be far more difficult than propaganda for war. The reason for this, no doubt, is that peace is at best a negative ideal, since peace by itself is nothing, whereas what you do with peace is everything; while war is a positive ideal, because it is waged for some specific purpose.

But if that is so, and war has this accidental advantage over peace in argument, it simply indicates that propaganda for peace ought to be much better done than it is, if it is to have any chance of success. But in fact, as we all know by experience, the propaganda for nationalism and war is far better done than propaganda for internationalism and peace.

The Kreuger Scandal

The Kreuger affair definitely becomes worse and worse. Sensible men of course ignore the rubbish in the sensational press as to Kreuger's addiction to wine, women, and song—the same papers were saying a few weeks ago that he was a spartan and a puritan who

lived only for business—but the financial scandal grows with every telegram from Stockholm.

One certain result of this disastrous business will be that the investing public, which had previously been rather favourably disposed towards international trusts, on the ground that the shares were readily saleable all over the world, will in future be prejudiced against the whole category, on the ground that there is no real security for the honesty of the chief director.

The controls were worthless and in fact delusive; and the apparent ease with which these colossal frauds were carried through, and the long impunity which attended them, suggests that in the case of these international combines some form of State or Government auditing may become necessary.

The path of the financial prophet to-day is almost as perilous as that of the financial profiteer. Sir Arthur Salter, for example, has recently published a splendid book on "Recovery," but the following sentence rather gives one pause: "Good constructive loans like those arranged by the League [of Nations] or the Central Banks or a man of such creative wisdom as Mr. Ivor Kreuger are threatened with the bad."

Liberals in Conference

There was a faint flavour of antiquity, almost of archæology, about the Liberal Conference held at Clacton last week. Its one remedy for all diseases political, social, and economic appeared to be Free Trade; its one effect, at least on the outside, was to expose the weakness of the Party's position both internal and external.

Sir Herbert Samuel, still a Free Trader and still a Liberal member of the Government which has introduced Protection, was there; Mr. Runciman, still a Liberal but no longer a Free Trader, was not there. Mr. Lloyd George, still a Liberal and still a Free Trader, was not there. Like the Witches in Macbeth, when will these three meet again?

No Controversy?

The Bishop of Ripon (who is no doubt a most estimable person as an individual) made himself ridiculous a few years ago by suggesting a ten years' stoppage of science. Now the new Bishop of Winchester (who is no doubt an equally admirable Christian) has made himself equally ridiculous by suggesting a ten years' truce in religious controversy.

Why are the Bishops the only bipeds who say these silly things? So long as men think and act, they will have different ideas; and

from the clash of ideas that we call controversy the world of the spirit gets light as well as heat.

It would be a very dull world that had no scientific disputes and no religious controversies; and though these latter often involve loss of time and sometimes loss of temper, they often enrich and occasionally enlighten us. Port Royal for example, the Oxford Movement and a dozen others—surely the gain in these cases has been greater than the loss.

The Merchant Navy

Increasing anxiety is being felt in the City over the plight and prospects of the merchant marine, and more and more some form of government assistance is being looked to, so as to equalise competition with the heavily subsidised fleets of France, Germany, Italy, and America. Mr. Runciman is understood to be unalterably opposed to a subsidy to any one line or one grade of shipping. But the Baltic Exchange is saying that action is imperative, if only to stop the banks foreclosing on a number of shipping companies.

It is all very well for a bank to call in loans: but in reality such precipitancy, even if financially justifiable, means nowadays the sale of modern British vessels to foreigners and the break-up of old-standing organisations. These are not built up in a day. And the Royal Mail crash shows that combines do not necessarily prove as efficient in operation as the private owner of a freight line. Parliamentary opinion, I may add, is veering round in favour of temporary aid.

Vanished Profits

Hollywood's bankruptcy, on which I commented last week, is illustrated by the fact that the published accounts of one of the leading producing concerns has just shown a loss of four and a half million dollars, that another concern has borrowed 15 million dollars from the banks "to tide it over the summer," and that the 100 dollars nominal stock of a third has achieved a new low level by going to two dollars. Last year, the shares of a great producing concern were being offered at bargain prices, with a second-hand motor car thrown in; what this year's inducements will be still remains to be seen.

The Spanner in the Engine

It is not so much national barriers, by way of licence embargo or tariff, that now short-circuits international exchange of goods and services, as the utter impossibility of British exporters or acceptance houses withdrawing good cash balances from a number of foreign countries. I know of Durham coal-owners

whose accountants can show the public splendid balance-sheets, but who are at their wits' end to know where to find the ready cash with which to pay the rate-collector and the wage-checke each week.

What the accountant, however, quite properly shows an asset on the credit side consists of milreis or marks which government restriction on exchange forbids the coal-owner to bring back here. To the extent that the new Exchange Equalisation Account of the Treasury can assist in this matter it has my support. Frankly, though, I think Mr. Chamberlain will have to drop the idea of daily management by a "committee" of Whitehall officials—bankers are to be excluded!

Auditors and Company Law

Despite the bland astonishment of Whitehall at any suggestion of fresh reform in the presentation and control of accounts of public companies, one of the twin bodies of professional accountants has the temerity (and shrewd sense) to put forward specific proposals. The second may now be relied on to put on its thinking cap, and before we know where we are the New Issues Sub-Committee of the London Stock Exchange will be revising its inadequate regulations. Investors are badly rattled by repeated instances of flaws in the present system. Holding companies, hidden reserves and the whole status of an auditor call for statutory definition—and agreement is now easy to secure.

Cheaper Law

The latest rules of the Lord Chancellor should materially reduce the running up of legal costs in a number of suits; and subject to their proving workable in practice, a wise case for a trial period, they are to lead to further simplifications in the County Courts. The "Judge's discretion" is a particularly sound new power, while the right of remission of cases to local Assizes is an admirable feature long overdue. If country solicitors would only see it, Assizes mean certainty of trial at minimum expense: to hang about London for a month with an army of hungry witnesses needs a deep purse nowadays. All that Lord Sankey need do now, so a cynic tells me, is to pass a rule stopping perjury on oath.

Sodden Cricket

Medical men in conference assembled at Bournemouth told us last week that England has the best climate in the world—and as if to take the doctors at their word, the long winter drought precipitately ended, and the cricket season started in a downpour of rain. Actually, of course, the water was needed, but the prospect of a second sunless summer is hardly reassuring.

THE GOVERNMENT OF INDUSTRY

"THE depository of Power is always unpopular; all combine against it; it always falls. . . . As we see that the Barons, the Church, the King have in turn devoured each other, and that the Parliament the last devourer remains, it is impossible to resist the impression that this body also is doomed to be destroyed." Thus Disraeli, who must be ranked not least among the prophets of Israel.

The parliamentary system is so definitely a part of English life and thought that we are apt to forget that other nations are less wedded to the idea, and moreover that the idea itself is very largely the result of local and possibly temporary conditions. In Europe, for example, the large gains recently made by Hitler and his National Socialists in the Prussian elections shew clearly that Germany is taking steps towards the Fascist method of government and may with Italy and the Soviet Republic become a national industrial force.

The industrial rehabilitation of Italy under Fascist rule, whilst maintaining capitalism and the reward of gain for good work and leaving the financial structure of the nation unchanged as a whole, does exercise a very real control of every industry so that an inter-relation of output and product eliminates to a considerable extent uneconomic productivity. Both in Germany and Italy, however, the swing of opinion and of action is on the whole away from parliamentary and more particularly away from democratic theories of government.

It must be admitted that so far the consequences of industrial rather than parliamentary control have not been of great magnitude, as Italy is not now, or likely to be for some time, a great exporting nation. This, on the other hand, cannot be said of the Soviet Republic.

We are not among those who scoff at the gigantic experiment in which Russia is now involved, for although there are doubtless many instances of failure and still more of partial success there seems to be little doubt that progress is being made despite immense initial handicaps, not the least of which is the illiteracy and lack of mechanical sense of the mass of the population. Nor do we think there is any national objection to low price exports from the Soviet on the ground that wages are abnormally low because the value of the capital improvements continuously made in the country are an addition to the national wealth which should logically be added to the wage rates at present received.

History will probably shew Fascism to be right and Bolshevism wrong in their policy in respect of profit and private property, and would expect production units to be more efficient if operated on the capitalist system than if they are State owned and operated; so that should Germany—which is at least as well equipped industrially as any nation in the world—embrace National Socialism and become a nation of controlled capitalism the influence of her competition upon English export markets would be a matter of the greatest possible interest for us. Would, for example, a further decline in our own export trade result in the doom of Parliament or would it be possible to meet our rivals by a modification of the existing structure of government?

History has shown so often that remarkable advances in national prosperity under the guidance of a tyrant of genius have been followed by a disastrous relapse after his death that the English political common-sense can be trusted to avoid any such form of dictatorship. On the other hand it is hard to find a successful instance of the complete nationalisation of industry in the sense of its being in the control of Parliament or the Government of the day. We have already, however, evolved something of an alternative in the recent policy of setting up Boards or Commissions appointed by Parliament initially but operating independently of it, as for example the Port of London Authority, the B.B.C. and the Electricity Board, to mention but a few.

We think that here may be the instrument whereby the basic industries of England can be associated, the nature and magnitude of the respective business of individual firms regulated and the whole consciously related to the welfare of the nation, and even if in certain instances such regulation might not be in the immediate interests of shareholders there should be a definite offset in the reduction of taxation which a rise in national prosperity would make possible.

No one can doubt that the spirit of economic nationalism is abroad and that England of all countries stands to lose or gain the most should the struggle for industrial supremacy be conducted along novel lines, and if forced by competitors to choose new methods to meet new conditions we may see in the present generation a decline in the direct influence of Parliament and real power centred in the government of industry. What the ultimate results of that silent revolution might be on the structure of society is an open question, too long and too obscure to argue here.

THE ROYAL ACADEMY

By ADRIAN BURY.

THE problem before the painter to-day is twofold, how to paint and what to do with his pictures. The former matter is a question of judgment and taste, the latter one of luck, publicity or fashion.

It is inevitable that the uncertain social, financial and political conditions should be reflected in the art of our time, and although some critics effect to despise the Academy because it is academic, and the bulk of the odd sixteen hundred exhibits are in the tradition, there is no doubt that a conflict of ideals is obvious in the work displayed. Nor is this conflict confined to outsiders. Some of the academicians themselves are in the movement.

When Mr. Glyn Philpot, a most scholarly and exquisite painter, exhibits a picture called "Aphrodite," we feel that he is experimenting with the neo-primitive ideas only to be seen in the advanced galleries of London and Paris. Even Blake might have painted this mystical conception, or someone to whom technique had seemed fatiguing and unfruitful.

Similarly Mr. Sickert has made an effort to forget all that he has seen and heard about "The Raising of Lazarus," a violent effort, with an obscure result, to depict the old resurrection with a new vision. Both themes are classical, and both pictures are strange, not so much because we have preconceived ideas about these subjects but because we feel behind the interpretations the almost despairing resolve to escape from the shackles of the past. We find ourselves asking the question whether the artists themselves are convinced. Sir George Clausen, another great painter, offers us a piece of modern lyrical dexterity in his landscape entitled "The Young Moon."

Among the non-members who desire to be different is Mr. Gilbert Spencer. His picture "A Cotswold Farm" has been bought for the Chantrey Request. I will not say that this painting has not the merit of great industry, but with its mass of unselected detail of cart, horses, men poultry and houses, the work suggests the rapture of a child confronted with a pleasant puzzle, combined with the painting skill of a man. The result is a blend of realism and decoration, of fact and fancy in which the emotions of the artists are submerged. It is a unique picture but not one that founds any school or advances the progress of painting one yard.

Let us now turn to the late Sir William Orpen's picture "The Play Scene from Hamlet." This was done when the artist was a very young man, and however it may have been influenced by old masters, it is a fine achievement. It was painted before Post-Impressionism had been heard of in this country, and it is the work of a precocious mind well able to converse with Rembrandt, Hogarth and Rowlandson, and prove that they had not said the last word about light and shade, design and humanity.

Orpen was certainly convinced. Every line and group, every touch of humour, satire and ribaldry was painted with a brush as flexible as his ideal was fixed. Here is

an immortal fragment which touches us profoundly notwithstanding its hint of swagger. I am sorry to say that it makes some of its companions in the same room look very insecure.

Of the many followers of Orpen, Mr. J. H. Gunn is worthy of the master. His study of Messrs. Chesterton, Baring and Belloc is one of the portrait studies of the year. I hope it will not be ignored by superior persons because it happens to be painted with faultless technique, because we feel that the three gentlemen whose work has so often entertained us might speak from the canvas. Mr. Gunn apparently has not heard of "significant form." He takes for granted the mystic formulae, volume, plasticity, three dimensional space and pure substance, but having thoroughly learnt his craft as a painter he is able to introduce us to his three literary friends. "Photographic," says the critic who has lost confidence in his eyesight. If it is photographic the fault is with the camera for getting itself invented. Mr. Gunn's Conversation Piece is a picture for posterity.

Mr. Eves contributes an admirable impression of the Duke of Portland but one of the finest portraits yet painted by this gifted artist is one of Mr. Shane Leslie. Other distinctive portraits are by Mr. Egerton Cooper and Mr. James Quinn.

There are a number of decorations for the Bank of England. At last we are face to face with the mandarins of finance. They look formidable and austere, rather like bank managers who suspect that we are going to increase our overdraft. The task must have been one of the most difficult ever undertaken by decorative painters. Modern masculine clothes are too like advertisements of Savile Row to make effective mural paintings. The sartorial realism of these things is overwhelming. Could not the mysteries of finance have been suggested without resorting to so many facts that are the province of the tailor and cutter, the haberdasher and bootmaker.

Some of the landscapes this year are particularly beautiful, and I think a selection of about a hundred pieces carefully displayed in a small room would convince the world that we are, as we have always been, the greatest painters of landscape.

Mr Adrian Stokes' "River Bed" is perfect in colour, a picture instinct with that love of the beauty of nature without no landscape has any hope of survival. Mr. William T. Wood shows a delightful picture "Collyer's Rickyard, Peppering, Sussex." Mr. Oliver Hall never disappoints us with his quiet and brooding splendours. In a like manner Mr. Charles Knight's "Goodrich Castle" has immense dignity, although it is small in size. Among the water-colours, Mr. Gerald Ackermann Mr. David Wilson and Mr. George Leech are conspicuously successful.

How to paint. The Royal Academy shows us scores of methods. What to do with the pictures when they are painted. That is perhaps the greatest problem of all in these days of over-production.

*THIS WEEK'S ARGUMENT***SHOULD WE STAY IN INDIA?**

YES, BY AN ANGLO-INDIAN.

THE critical position in India is perhaps one of the best examples of the trouble caused by a noisy minority.

In India we find a violent and vociferous minority whose clamour gives them a prominence out of proportion to the majority. This minority is not representative; in fact, considering the conditions, it is doubtful if the majority of the Indian peoples have any definite views on the subject at all. Their backward position as regards education is one of the strongest arguments against self-government. Nearly 90 per cent. are illiterate. To confer the doubtful benefit of self-government on a people entirely unfitted for the task is not a statesmanlike policy.

It may be fairly asked if British Government has been good on the whole for the Indian people. There have been mistakes, but most people would agree that on the whole it has been beneficial. The peculiar conditions of India give rise to problems probably not found in any other part of the world. It is not a country only, but a continent with a perplexing diversity of races, languages, religions and customs. The large number of rival states effectually precludes any chance of unity.

These diversities have prevented the formation of clear cut political parties such as are found in more advanced communities. On the withdrawal of the British control religious and racial animosities would flare up in civil war.

Rule in India has been forced upon this country. The early adventurers went there primarily for trade, and the first wars against the French were primarily in defence of trading rights. The acquisition of Government powers from the East India Company was undertaken as the result of events which made such responsibility inevitable. Action was only taken by slow degrees and with much hesitation. It was no case of ruthless grasping at Empire. Since the responsibility has been assumed, can it be lightly discarded?

No one would deny that conditions of life for the Indian people have been vastly improved under British rule. The construction of great irrigation works, railways, roads, have contributed to the relief of nations once raked by famine and disease. It is not claimed that all these works have been carried out with a sole view to the benefit of India. Vast sums of British capital have been poured into India in the hope of a return, but they have incidentally improved the conditions of the Indian people. The possible loss of these investments is itself an argument against any relaxation of British rule.

General Younghusband, who has written much on India says that of the 300 millions and more of people in India probably 298 millions are best and more suitably governed on a patriarchal system. India requires straight, firm, paternal Government, and the less the entanglements of law enter into it the better. The Indian takes very readily to litigation, once he is initiated into its mysteries and complexities. Unsuccessful native lawyers are at the root of much of the unrest in India, and many of them write and preach rank treason.

Those who have taken on themselves the task of political

NO, BY AN ANTI-ANGLO-INDIAN

IT may be difficult for English people living at home to understand the many side issues involved in the question of India. Against this however may be balanced the fact that the stay-at-home Englishman is able to take a more detached and unbiassed view than those Englishmen who have lived in that vast country.

Be this as it may it is certain that the Indian question has to be faced fearlessly, and a solution of the problem found. If the conclusion arrived at indicates a drastic use of the surgeon's knife, then the English people will not shirk the task.

Unless the Indian problem can be placed above party politics there is a danger that the sad story of Ireland, with its disastrous effects on English political life, may be repeated, with India filling the title role. The extreme bitterness of the political fight which ended in the granting of Dominion Status to Ireland probably cost Britain twenty years of political development, and no sensible person could wish to have a gradual process of granting concessions under the pressure of expediency repeated again.

In attempting to take an impartial view of the Indian problem two points should be conceded at the outset. The first is that centuries of British rule have failed to produce peace in India—the second that an ordinary English citizen has a right to express his opinion on this as on other questions.

With regard to the first : With the exception perhaps of Ireland, never have we witnessed such chaotic unrest after years of control by our best administrative brains as in India.

It is not a question of making mistakes, we all make mistakes, indeed it is only from our mistakes that we learn wisdom. But the administration of any country must be judged by the condition of its people, and when we find a vast stretch of land populated by peoples seething with discontent, we are entitled to suggest that new methods might be tried.

The general line of argument taken by my fellow countrymen is that India is populated by various races who are opposed to each other, and that if the white races left India there would be anarchy.

I am not convinced by these arguments: similar ones were used against granting Home Rule to Ireland, and probably will be used by most countries about their dependents till the end of time.

If we are in India for mercenary motives then let us be courageous and admit it. If on the other hand we hold India as trust on behalf of the native races to develop it peacefully into a great Empire, then we must admit failure. Peace is not there.

It may be also contended that if these white officials were compelled to leave India that would be an economic burden on the taxpayer at home. It may be urged that a new India might repudiate its debt to England, even as some Englishmen are even now suggesting that Britain should treat our American debt.

If purely utilitarian reasons are urged for retaining India then the discussion is on a ground on which I

(Continued on next page)

YES.

agitation represent only a few, and have no mandate from the millions of their fellow-countrymen. It is perhaps significant that Gandhi himself is a Brahmin lawyer. His agitation illustrates in a very acute form the wide divergence between the Moslem and the Hindu points of view, and the fact that he has gained a considerable following as a mystic and a saint makes his agitation even more dangerous.

The majority of the Indian delegates at the Round Table Conference, including some of the ruling Princes, declared in favour of the immediate adoption of a federal system of Government. The idea of a Federation of States, to include the semi-independent Indian States as well as the Provinces of British India, was suggested by the Simon Commission as the ultimate aim in the Government of India. The very lack of unanimity on some of the essential points of the scheme for Indian self-government prove that the time has not yet come for any drastic alteration of the established order.

SHOULD WE STAY IN INDIA?

NO.

cannot tread. Similar reasons could be given for occupying the United States and ruling it. I am only concerned with the question of our Indian problem as it affects the British national conscience.

The final arbiter is the voter in this country, and if he smothers his conscience he will vote for retaining India. But where will that leave Britain?

It is more than half a century since Carlyle died but he has faced our problem. "Consider now," he says, "if they asked us, Will you give up your Indian Empire or your Shakespeare, you English; never have had any Indian Empire or never have had any Shakespeare? Really it were a grave question. Official persons would answer doubtless in official language, but we, of our part should we not too be forced to answer; Indian Empire or no Indian Empire, we cannot do without Shakespeare! The Indian Empire will go at any rate someday; but this Shakespeare does not go, he lasts forever with us; we cannot give up Shakespeare!"

BRIDGE MUSINGS

BY GOULASH

THESE are so many professional writers on Bridge these days that it takes a brave man to enter the field in competition.

When invited by this paper to write a series of articles on the subject I was conscious of the difficulties in front of me. In nearly every weekly and in several daily papers, the problems of Bidding and Playing the Hand are thrashed out, and it is remarkable what a high level of entertainment is achieved by so many writers who have to deal with what, after all, is a limited subject.

I propose to write in a more or less reminiscent style and to discuss Bridge in its broader aspects. This is because I feel that the partial failure of so many of the keenest Bridge players is due to the earnestness with which they study the details of Bidding and Playing the Hand, the relative merits of one convention or another, and the satisfaction obtainable by End Play and coups, thereby cluttering their minds to such an extent that they are bound to lose the clarity of vision and nerve that are essential to success in this or any other game.

I shall have to discuss these matters in the light of my own experience in the various London clubs, but I am convinced that any lessons to be drawn by observation in such a restricted circle can be applied equally in other circles.

One thing that has always struck me is how very few constant winners there are in comparison to the very large number of regular players. I should say that over a period of time, say a year, in clubs where the play is supposed to be of an order at least above the average, not more than one player out of seven will show a credit balance. The remainder will be losers and will have to divide up nearly equally whatever the losses may be. I do not think that there are any constant heavy losers, for they have to drop out of the competition, and I am sure that the percentage of players who come out even is negligible. In fact, the most regular real losers, I feel sure, are those who say they come out "about all square" on the year. Those are the ones that between them present annually a large percentage of their total winnings

to the victorious few. In other words, they are the main percentage of constant losers.

In this respect, it is amazing how few regular players there are who will admit to themselves, or to anybody else, that they do lose. They may go as far as to say they have lost over the year, but they will generally qualify it by adding that they can hardly complain as the year previously they had a pretty good win, and then with some satisfaction, they add, "and that makes me about all square." This, I fear, is nearly always far from accurate. It is a point of view by no means confined to Bridge-players.

If you take the regular racing man, for instance, how many of them, even after notable losses, will nobly aver that equally they cannot really complain as they had a good run of luck, and they add, "things nearly always square themselves at the end of the year." These are the fat of the bookmakers' land and are welcomed by the Ring even in the face of a probable 25 per cent. very delayed payment or even default. Of such is made the constant band of regular losers in the Bridge and Racing Worlds, and produce an astounding amount of grist to the winners' mill. They are the real "mugs."

One of my first bits of advice to anyone taking up Bridge seriously is to keep a strict account. I am taking it for granted that there are no players who definitely want to lose. A great many may be ambitious only to come out even—that is, really even. Bridge should be primarily a recreation, but there is little chance of it remaining so if there is an indefinite and regular drain on the player's resources. It is of value to be certain either that you are winning or losing. If you don't know you will nearly always give yourself the benefit of the doubt and "decide you are about "all square." There lies the danger and the sparkling gateway of the Kingdom of "Mugdom." Therefore, keep an account. It is better to be aware of definite losses and face them if you have to.

It is not for me to discuss the rights or wrongs of gambling. One thing I do know on the subject, however, is that the main body of gamblers are inclined to wager rather

more than they can really afford, and however small this trifle is, it is sure to worry them if they are losers. This may sound trite and obvious, but worry prevents full concentration and it is clear that if you are definitely satisfied by figures that you are either winning or keeping your losses moderate, or even losing less over a certain period than you have been losing previously, your worry on this particular score will be proportionately decreased and your powers of concentration proportionately increased.

Nor is there any earthly reason that in the process of concentration the game should become laborious. Some of the most amusing rubbers I have played have been with brilliant players, who have developed their powers of concentration to such an extent that they are seldom guilty of any obvious elementary mis-play of a card, and yet throughout the proceedings they have not allowed the necessity of never missing a point of play to make the difference of turning a recreation into a bore.

But take the table of "mugs" and you will find at least one who is guilty of petty bickering, valueless post-mortems, inuendos and complaints about luck.

If I had my own way I should insist that less stress should be laid on the desirability of silence during the play of the hand and more stress on the necessity of not talking shop between the deals. There would be many

less "mugs" than there are if players made up their minds between the hands not to criticise their partners unless criticism is definitely invited, but to concentrate more either on silent self-communion on their own play of the last hand, or even on formulating a menu for dinner.

Rubber after rubber have I seen unnecessarily lost by two partners gratuitously criticising in a derogatory manner each other's play and thereby getting rattled and ruffled. It is very seldom on these occasions that either of them is strictly correct, or if challenged by a more experienced opponent can uphold his theories.

There are only one or two really fine Bridge-players in London who are guilty of attacking a weaker partner for his mistakes in an unkind manner. The finest Bridge-players will never do this, though, when invited, as they should be by less experienced partners, they will most kindly and considerately explain where the said partner has been guilty of error and will suggest a more promising procedure in similar situations.

I should like to add that there are more "mugs" who are not guilty of the above practice than there are who are guilty of it. What I contend is that those mugs who do indulge in such matters do themselves harm as well as being a general nuisance. No Bridge-player will improve his own play or anyone else's by being a nuisance.

MURDER BY PROXY.

By W. S. CHADWICK

BELIEF in totems of various kinds is prevalent amongst most African native races. In general this only amounts to a belief in an affinity between the holder and some animal or plant, and leads only to greater consideration for the "totem." But when the totem is credited with powers of life and death it becomes another story. Under those conditions the local witch doctor's powers are considerably increased.

Natives of Southern Angola believe that half of a man's soul resides in his particular totem, and that should the totem be destroyed the man must also die. As they phrase it, "half his heart's life has been taken."

Thereafter, the two halves of the soul unite and take the shape of another animal of the species, to wreak vengeance on the destroyer of the original man and his totem. Such reincarnated souls are said to be distinguished by unusual strength and sagacity. The death of many an old elephant hunter is explained by the natives. He has—they say—been killed by a man in elephant shape. It is held, too, that such "animal-men" will—out of sympathy with the human clan of which they once formed part—assist it in the hunt and in times of danger. Amongst a clan which had adopted an elephant as a totem, such a belief led some years ago to several tragedies. Old N'yero—the son of the chief victim—gave me the details.

We were out after elephants and had located three bulls standing asleep in the shade of thorn trees. I singled out the biggest tusker and was creeping as close as possible, when the beast slowly lifted one forefoot from the ground. The foot was suspended for a moment and was then as slowly replaced. I was raising my rifle when N'yero grasped my arm and said imploringly: "Not that one, Master! He is my totem. He carries half my heart's life. If you kill him, you kill me too. Either

of the others, Master, but not that one! On his knees your slave craves mercy!"

With the words his powerful gnarled frame sank to its knees, and I saw that he trembled; while his face was an ashy grey in colour. I hesitated; for the bull in front carried fine tusks, and heavy ivory was scarce. But I knew the implicit belief of the natives in totems and wizardry, and I felt convinced that if I killed the beast N'yero would actually die through the power of self-suggestion.

As I turned to estimate the weight of ivory carried by the other two, my liberty of choice was lost. A stray air current must have carried our scent to the big bull, and with a panic trumpet note and a crash of bushes all three vanished, before I could get a shot. I turned rather angrily to N'yero and said: "You damned old fool! You and your rotten totems have lost me the best ivory I've seen for a month! How can you know which elephant is your totem, out of all the forest holds?"

Rising to his feet he said: "Do not be heart-sore for the ivory, master. I will lead you to bulls as big, in the killing of which you shall harm no man. You ask how I know my totem? Did you not see him lift his foot with your own eyes? That is the sign! To-night I will tell you the story of my father, Mapande, and you will be glad that you did not shoot!"

That night by the camp fire he told me the following tale, while three of his indunas interjected corroborative remarks at intervals.

"My father Mapande was born when Lekoka was chief of this district. Lekoka was a great hunter, and had killed many elephants. One day he went out to hunt, forgetting to first sacrifice to the elephant totems, and my father—who was a young man—went with him. That day he met a fine bull with mighty tusks. This was the

totem of "Mutaa" the witchdoctor. Lekoka did not know this, for because he had forgotten to sacrifice, the elephant totems would not warn him by raising the forefoot, as they do to the man who has remembered them in sacrifice."

As N'ero spoke I remembered seeing him leading his women into the forest before we left his village, each carrying an armful of sugar cane or green mealies. They had returned empty-handed, and I had surmised that some sacrifice had been made. He continued:

"So Lekoka shot the bull with the heavy gun that made a great smoke, which he had in those days. When he reached his village again, Mutaa the witchdoctor—whom he had left sick—was dying. That night Mutaa called my father and six counsellors to him and said to them: 'Mapande, and you indunas of the Mampakush, hear the words I speak in farewell! To-day Lekoka has slain half of my heart's life, and that half which dwells now with the ghosts has called me to join it. It tells, too, of the punishment which awaits Lekoka. Because he is a chief—and strong—I may not slay him when I take elephant shape. But I can stay the totems from giving the sign to men by which they may be known.

"So before the moon is run, Lekoka shall fall sick. Then you, Mapande, shall hunt the elephants alone. I will give you the sign and lead you to Lekoka's totem, and you shall slay him—knowing him not. Then must Lekoka die as I die now, and you shall be chief in his stead.

"Hear my words O counsellors! Until Mapande is chief no totem elephant shall give the sign. I alone will give it to him only. You who hunt shall perchance in ignorance slay the totems of your father or brother. Let Mapande hunt alone, until I am avenged. Say naught to Lekoka until Mapande has gone. Then tell him of my words. I have spoken!"

"That night," continued N'ero, "Mutaa died. A week later Lekoka fell sick and the counsellors came to Mapande and said: 'You must seek the elephants, Mapande. And you must kill Lekoka's totem as Mutaa ordered. For we would not kill our kin. Yet we must have ivory to buy cattle from the Barotse. While you are gone we will sacrifice daily to the elephant totems, that the spirit of Mutaa may lead you, and be appeased. Then we will tell Lekoka of his words, and fear shall enter his heart!'

"So Mapande went forth to hunt, taking a gun with him that Mutaa had doctored. For a week he passed many elephants which gave no sign, and these he did not molest. One day he saw beneath a great mimosa a giant bull looking straight at him. The bull had only one tusk, and as he watched it, it slowly raised one forefoot. Then my father knew that the spirit of Mutaa was watching him, and he fell full on his face and lay still; awaiting the command.

"The great bull came slowly towards him, and standing beside him touched his back with the tip of its trunk. Then it went slowly away, stopping now and then to look back at Mapande. My father followed, and late that afternoon the big bull stopped, and he saw sleeping under the trees ahead another bull as big; with two great tusks. Going softly forward he fired at the head on one side, and the bull fell dead. When he looked round, the bull which was the spirit of Mutaa had vanished.

"On that day Lekoka died, and when four days after-

wards my father came to the village, it was to find the people waiting to call him chief.

"For all that year things went well with my father and his people. He made a small figure of a one-tusked elephant from hard wood, and set it up in the forest. And never did he forget to sacrifice to it before he left to hunt. Totem elephants always gave the signal, and no evil came to the people.

"Then I think the spirit of Lekoka must have conquered that of Mutaa, which protected Mapande. For one day news came to the village that six large bulls were close by, and in his haste to pursue them my father forgot to sacrifice. Two he killed with his own hand, but the others were only wounded by those with him, and afterwards got away. Next day one of the men who had hunted with him, and one who remained in the village, fell sick. The witchdoctor Mulife—who had been Mutaa's enemy—said they had sickened because half their souls had been slain. Mapande had killed their totems!

"Next day both these men died, and at dawn of the next day their relatives came to Mapande's hut and tried to kill him. But my father was strong and fierce as the lion, and though they wounded him badly he killed two of them and escaped into the forest with his gun. I followed him, washed his wounds, and killed meat for him until he grew strong again.

"For two moons we wandered in the forest, and dared not return to the village. Then one day we met two elephants of great size, upon the path we were following. Before we could move they ran at us, and the forest rang with the screams of their rage. My heart turned to water, and I crawled quickly into an antbear hole beside the path. When it was quiet again I came out. The elephants had gone, but the body of my father was broken into pieces and trampled into the path like a crushed ant.

"When I returned to the village I found that the people had driven out Mulife and the men who had attacked my father, and were still without a chief. For they had liked my father and were sorry he had been driven out. When I told the counsellors of his death and led them to the place, they said that surely the spirit of Lekoka had taken vengeance, and that the spirit of Mutaa had permitted this because we had given his place to Mulife—whom he hated.

"Then they asked me to sit in the place of my father Mapande, and for many years I have been chief. But never have I forgotten to sacrifice, and always the totem elephants have revealed themselves. To-day, at last I found my own, and he knew me—as you saw. But if you had killed him, master, you would have slain me too!"

I reflected that although an elephant doubtless relieves fatigue by raising a forefoot occasionally, men witness the act so seldom that it might appear singular. And to people imbued with such beliefs anything singular would be significant. A prophecy of sickness in a fever district is also pretty sure of fulfilment. For the rest, Mutaa's private jealousy of Lekoka and the hypnotic power of self-suggestion, must be taken into account.

However that might be, it was certain that Lekoka, Mapande, and the two men the latter had killed, had all died as a result of their beliefs. Looking at the earnest black face of N'ero as he finished his story, I could well believe that he too would have died had I killed the big tusker that day. As he had foretold, I was glad I had not fired!

THE TRADE

By P. K. K.

A PARTICULAR little branch of the Navy, rather exclusively particular, perhaps, in their own estimation, runs that department which is known colloquially as "The Trade", or more accurately as the Submarine Service. They guard their little kingdom jealously, they leave it with regret and, if and when they return, it is with a feeling almost of homecoming that they see again the long, grey shapes of "the Boats" lying low in the water and smell again the slightly bitter scent of oil on the steel decks of the torpedo compartment.

It is a fascination for which it is sometimes a little difficult to account, this adoration of "The Trade." The submarine officer's job is by no means a light one, as may well be imagined when the duties of Navigator, Gunnery officer, Torpedo officer and Engineer are often combined in the person of the First Lieutenant, whose job is, in itself, no sinecure. Add to that the discomfort which arises from lack of cabins and bathroom, the crowding together in as small a space as possible of as much machinery, pipes, electric cables, instruments and other necessities as can by human ingenuity be squeezed in, and an explanation of this fascination becomes even more impossible. Yet there it remains, ever-present and alert, and forever calling back those who may, temporarily, have strayed from "the Boats."

It may lie in the forced proximity of Officers and Men which brings in its wake a natural harmony of companionship that is seldom to be found in other branches of the Service. The relationship of master and servant disappears and in its place develops a trust which is mutually reciprocated from men to officers and from officers to men. The smallest mistake might lead to danger, yet this trust is so implicit that it is rare indeed to find it misplaced with consequence of accident.

Or again, the fascination may lie in "the Boats" themselves. They are dainty little toys, ever obedient to the will of those who play with them, ever ready to respond to the most arduous calls upon their capabilities. Sometimes noisy, sometimes quiet, occasionally fractious, and at other times docile, there is almost a human element to be found in their alternations of character.

As we go to sea, the rattle and roar of the Diesel engines is deafening and we shout to make ourselves heard. The boat trembles a little with each stroke of the engines and there is a faint rattle as the cups swing on their hooks while the hum of the Gyro compass plays a monotonous accompaniment. The engines are stopped as the boat prepared to dive and the sudden silence is a little uncanny. As she goes down, the whine of the electric motors makes itself apparent, there is the faint wash of the sea round the outside of the hull and the hissing of the air as it is forced out of the ballast tanks. Then silence again as she picks up her depth, broken for a minute or two, perhaps, by the gurgle of a pump as it sucks water out of a tank in order to correct the trim, or by the faint bubbling noise that is made when more water is admitted. But no one speaks except for an occasional order from the captain or first Lieutenant.

Perhaps it is an attack on a target ship that we are making. The whine of the motors rises a semitone, a tone, another tone, and we can feel, inside the boat, the definite increase of speed as she moves through the water. Orders come more rapidly and, even though it be but a peace-time exercise, there is a definite tenseness which is apparent throughout the boat. Alterations of course are frequent, sometimes a little bewildering to those whose limit of vision is the steel hull inside which they are temporarily imprisoned, for only one eye can command the sea above them. The hum of the motors rises sharply as the final stages of the attack are entered. Two or three seconds at a time now is all the periscope can be raised, otherwise the tell-tale feather that it makes on the surface would give away the boat's presence to the unsuspecting enemy. In the last few seconds, the tension is extreme. A hiss of air signals the departure of the torpedoes and there is a corresponding sound of splashing as water is let in to counteract the sudden loss of weight. We watch the depth gauges anxiously to see that the boat does not break surface and in consequence betray her position.

With the attack completed, the tanks are blown and the submarine surfaces. The fresh air smells sweet as it is drawn down by the Diesel engines which are once again drowning all other sounds with their racket. There is a satisfying odour as the "cook", usually an able seaman temporarily withdrawn from his other duties for this purpose, heats up some "submarine soup." Good thick stuff this, very warming and filling, and served without dilution, straight from the tin! Perhaps it is just for this delicacy that we come back to the boats so eagerly after a year or two spent in the general service.

Or it may be that the fascination lies in the return to the depôt ship after long spells at sea. A bath comes to mean far more than a mere immersion in hot water when there is, perhaps, fourteen days of accumulated dirt to wash off! Clean clothes, fresh faces and the light-heartedness of a depôt ship's mess are wonderful things to return to, making the whole of the previous discomfort very much worth while.

Or is it something deeper still, which so attracts us and binds us together? A faulty bit of machinery or a small error of judgment may be enough to send fifty or sixty men to meet with Death, for He is always waiting only just round the corner in "The Trade." And when that news comes through, a little silence settles on the submarine world. For our kingdom is sufficiently small for us to know each of the other subjects, and every one is a well-trying friend. Each individual loss is personal, and so, for a moment or two, we must each be silent with our own personal sorrow.

And so it goes on. Death takes its toll, and for those it spares, advancing years must eventually sever the direct connection. But there are younger men always waiting and anxious to fill the gaps, to experience and succumb to the same fascination and to preserve the traditions and the eternal friendship of "The Trade."

STORY

APPEAL

(A.D. 1960).

By S. FOWLER WRIGHT

IT was the first day of the trial of William Pennfield for the wilful murder of his wife Eliza, and a weak ray of October sunshine fell upon the massive suavity of the face of Bulford Bulfit, K.C., as he concluded his opening speech with one of those lucid summaries for which he was justly reputed among his professional brethren.

Now we may hear the main facts very clearly marshalled, if we listen to him as he concludes a three hours' speech with an impressive deliberation, summarising the evidence which he proposes to call; "Such," he is saying—"such is the case which it is my duty to lay before you."

"There is the fact—the admitted fact—that the prisoner was on bad terms with his wife. It will probably appear that he had reasons—perhaps serious reasons—for complaint against her. Reasons which may have excited sympathy in his favour among their mutual friends—which might have excited your own. Reasons which might condone, if they could not excuse, the crime of murder, in a perverted mind, when the pressure of other urgencies, all pointing in the same terrible direction, were added.

"There is the fact—the admitted fact—that the prisoner was living on terms of intimacy with Gladys Portman, and you will hear her tell you that she knew him as William Straker, and was not aware that he was a married man. She will tell you that she is about to become a mother, and that she was urging him to marry her—that she had discovered the place of his employment, and had threatened to make trouble for him there, unless he fulfilled his promise before the end of the fatal month which was to see the death—the sudden, unexpected death—of his wife whose existence menaced his security, and destroyed his peace.

"You will hear from Gladys Portman that the prisoner had at last yielded to her importunity with an apparent willingness, and that the banns of their projected marriage were actually being called in his adopted name at her parish church, while his wife was in robust health, four days before she died.

"You will have the evidence of Dr. Gusford, and of Professor Benley, who are agreed upon the cause of death, and who will tell you that it resulted from a drug which must have been taken in liquid within six hours of death; and you will hear that this drug is used in the preparation of certain photographic material manufactured by the firm by which the prisoner was employed, and that he had access to it.

"You will hear also that the prisoner was in serious financial difficulty, which you may regard as a natural consequence of his domestic duplicities, and that these difficulties would be relieved by the death of his wife, who had a small separate income from a fund which he had settled upon her, which sum would revert to him on her decease, and whose life he had recently insured for £600.

"It is also a fact—and I should be failing in my duty, should I omit to emphasise it—that there is no direct evidence that the poison was administered by the prisoner. None. That is to say, if the prisoner put the fatal dose into the glass of milk which his wife was accustomed to take on retiring, he did not call a witness to observe the action.

"So far as our information goes, he and his wife were the sole occupants of the house on the night of the tragedy—I believe that he will give his own account of these circumstances—so that he could have acted without fear of oversight, and with some hope that he could commit the crime with impunity.

"It is not reasonable to suppose that anyone contemplating such a crime would commit it while under the observation of others. Circumstantial evidence is all that we can obtain, and all that we can expect to obtain.

"If it be established that this woman has died of poison, we may commence by asking who, among those who had access to her, had any motive for desiring her death; we may ask who had the means of procuring the poison from which she died: we may ask who had the opportunity of administering it. To each of these three questions there is one answer, and only one, and it is always the same.

"It is not for me to forestall the defence, or to suggest what may appear to be the only possible alternative to the guilt of murder—the possibility that the poison may have been self-administered. A poor defence may be better than none at all, and it may be that my learned friend will ask you to put aside the evidence—the overwhelming evidence—which I shall place before you, and to substitute a theory of suicide for which there is no shadow of evidence, circumstantial or otherwise, and which would have been so utterly causeless, and so amazingly opportune—but, in view of this possibility, I am bound to call your attention to the fact that the prisoner has refused to admit the only evidence that could be produced on this point—the first-hand evidence of the dead."

His voice sank almost to a whisper on the final words, and the silent audience stirred uneasily at this allusion to an innovation which was still regarded with superstitious dread by the more illiterate members of the community.

"As you know," Mr. Bulford Bulfit resumed in a more conversational tone than he had adopted previously, "the law does not allow the introduction of mediumistic or clairvoyant evidence in criminal trials, except on the request, or with the consent, of the accused; and, as you know, there are those who decline, on religious grounds, to avail themselves of such evidence, even when it would be of the greatest help for their vindication.

"We may respect such prejudices, though we may not share them, and did it appear—were it even remotely possible to suppose—that the prisoner were retarded by such scruples, I should be the last to urge it to the prejudice of the case against him.

"But can this be the case? There is evidence to be called which will show him to have been an ardent supporter of the Spiritist movement, and both he and his wife to have been active members of the Spiritist Church. We are entitled to ask—we are, indeed, bound to ask—with what motive is it that the prisoner has refused to accept the suggestion of the prosecution that he should agree upon the selection of a suitable medium, through whose lips we might hear his wife's own account of the incidents of the fatal night."

He paused again, and may have been about to resume his seat, or to advance some further argument, when the prisoner's counsel, Mr. Percival Ballinger, who had been engaged in an animated though whispered consultation with his client, rose hastily.

"I am reluctant to interrupt the peroration," Mr. Ballinger remarked so pleasantly that the acid undertone of sarcasm was only observable by those who were already acquainted with the protagonists, "but it would have been unfair to my learned friend, and lacking in respect to the court, to allow him to mislead himself further."

"I am happy to say that I have prevailed upon my client to put his own feelings aside, and, in the interests of justice, to consent to the admission of the mediumistic evidence, which has been requested by the prosecution."

He resumed his seat and Mr. Bulfit commenced to open his case without further preface. He called Gladys Portman.

She proved to be a pleasant-faced young woman, quietly dressed, whose low-voiced and sometimes tearful answers, and occasional half-frightened glances at the prisoner, won the ready sympathy of all who heard her.

At the conclusion of her evidence, the Judge suggested that it would be a convenient point at which to adjourn, and, as a Judge's opinion on such a point is rarely challenged, Mr. Percival Ballinger reserved his cross-examination until the following day. . . .

II.

The second day went badly for William Pennfield.

The cross-examination of Gladys Portman was brief, and did little to remove the impression which had been created by her evidence on the previous afternoon.

Yet the court stirred to a quicker interest when the case for the prosecution closed, and Mr. Percival Ballinger rose to address the jury.

"Gentlemen of the jury," he said easily, "you have heard a great deal of evidence about a great many things from a great many excellent people, and you may have noticed that I have made no effort to cross-examine them upon it. Probably most of it may be true enough, and I am not concerned with denial. Unlike the prosecution, I shall be content to call two witnesses only. But they have the advantage of being the only two who know anything about the matter. I shall call the prisoner—the dead."

Then he called the name of William Pennfield, and the prisoner, looking very nervous and of an unhealthy pallor, left the dock, and entered the witness-box, with a warder beside him.

Under the direction of his own counsel he got on well enough, though alternating between painful pauses of hesitation, and bursts of nervous volubility. He admitted his deception of Gladys Portman. He admitted almost everything that had been alleged against him. He admitted that his married life had been acutely miserable. He admitted that he had had access to the poison from which his wife had died.

He went further than that; stating that he had taken home some of the fatal drug a few weeks earlier, as he had work to do for his firm (so he said) which he was completing in the evenings. He said that his wife knew where it was kept, and that he had specially warned her concerning its deadly nature. After her death, he found that it had disappeared.

He said that there had been a quarrel of exceptional violence that evening, arising from the fact that his wife had discovered some letters of Gladys Portman in one of his coat pockets during the day, and had charged him with his infidelity. In desperation, he had announced the resolution which he had already formed to leave her, and they had retired, at last, to separate rooms. In the morning she was dead, but he swore that he had done nothing to injure her.

Then Mr. Bulford Bulfit rose to cross-examine.

Quietly, almost genially, he took the wretched man through his relations with Gladys Portman, exposing all the mean evasions and lies on which it was founded, and which had been used to betray her. He dealt with them so that they appeared to be part of the prisoner's natural and normal conduct. . . .

III.

The medium had been accommodated in a chair at the reporters' table. She lay back with closed eyes and a lifted face, her arms stretched straight out on the table before her. The court, waiting in breathless silence, noticed that they were twitching slightly.

Suddenly a voice came from the medium's mouth, a voice unlike her own, as they had heard it take the oath a few minutes earlier. It was loud and shrill, and asserted with sharp impatience, "I am here. Eliza Pennfield. Who wants me?"

Mr. Ballinger answered, as was customary, without rising.

He leant slightly forward, saying in a conversational tone. "We have only one question to ask you. Will you tell us how you died?"

There was silence for a full minute—it seemed an hour to those who waited—silence which was only broken by the loud slow ticking of the clock.

Then the harsh sound of a woman's laughter broke mockingly from the medium's mouth.

"Tell him to ask himself," came the high voice that followed as the laughter died.

Mr. Ballinger looked at the judge, who did not respond. He tried again.

"I am asking on your husband's behalf. He is accused of having murdered you, and I implore you to answer, so that this terrible charge may be lifted from him. He has appealed to you because there is no one else who can give the evidence which is required to clear him. Will you tell the court how you died?"

But there was no answer. Mr. Ballinger assented to Mr. Bulfit putting the question, but the medium remained quiescent. The Judge took up the appeal, but the result was the same.

It was only when it was feared that the trance might end before any reply had been obtained that the Judge said, "It is a somewhat irregular course to take, but if neither of you raise objection, I propose to let the prisoner question her."

The learned counsel agreed that it was the only remaining way, and all eyes were turned to the prisoner, who stood, white-faced, with his trembling hands on the dock-rail, showing little joy at the prospect of his vindication which the occasion offered.

The clock ticked on, slowly and loudly in the silent court, and the judge said at last, with a look of half-tolerant pity at the abject prisoner, "If you will not speak, I'm afraid the jury may be inclined to draw a somewhat unfavourable impression."

Then the wretched man gathered himself together, and said in a timid voice which yet penetrated to the further corner of the silent crowded hall,

"Eliza, tell them I didn't."

There was no pause now. Eliza's harsh high voice sounded through the court, and re-echoed from the roof in an inhuman eerie way, that men did not notice then, so intently were they listening for the words, though they remembered afterwards.

"It's no use, Bill. I saw you do it." The words ended in another burst of laughter, shrill and high and mocking.

Those who were looking at the prisoner noticed that his face changed as he heard her. Its timid aspect altered to a look of almost insensate fury. "If I could only get . . ." his shrill voice quavered, and then ended. He sank on to the floor of the dock. The warders bent on either side to raise him, but it was a dead man that they lifted, and while they did so the mocking laughter changed to a sudden note of terror.

"I didn't mean it, Bill. I didn't mean it." The medium's scream rose till it startled the passers in the outer street. "Keep off—keep off." Her hands rose clutching to protect her throat. She slipped down from the chair, disappearing beneath the table, from which her voice still rose in an agony of protesting terror.

. . . The jury agreed that they would have brought in a verdict of "Not Guilty," but English justice will pass no judgment upon the dead.

WHAT WE THOUGHT:

25 years ago. May 4th, 1907.

Max Beerbohm on Charles Hawtrey.

I am sure that if the German Emperor, acting on one of his sudden impulses, shaved his moustache, the balance of Europe would be upset utterly. The fame of Mr. Charles Hawtrey is not, nor was his moustache, on so grand a scale as the Kaiser's. His fame is bounded by the silver sea. And his moustache was trimmed to a quite ordinary proportion and direction. But its very lack of obtrusiveness, its quiet, agreeable correctness, its urbanity and mundanity, its smoothness and silkiness, made it more than a mere appendage, made it an integral part of Mr. Hawtrey, made it a symbol of Hawtreyism. And now it is gone. Have the hairs frizzled to nothingness in a barber's bonfire? Or were they rescued from annihilation by Mr. Clarkson, to be carefully reconstituted on a background of crêpe and presented to the nation?

50 years ago. May 6th, 1882.

State Expenditure.

In his Budget speech last week Mr. Gladstone made a comparison between the growth of expenditure in England and in France which is surprising from a financier of the Prime Minister's eminence. Mr. Gladstone was animadverting upon the rapid growth of expenditure in England since 1815, and he spoke as if there could be no question that that growth was avoidable and wasteful. He took no trouble, however, to show that it was so; and there are some facts which seem to make it doubtful whether the expenditure is so extravagant as Mr. Gladstone considers it. In the first place, though he

is Prime Minister as well as Chancellor of the Exchequer, and though he has in the House of Commons an overwhelming majority to carry out whatever he proposes, yet, after two years of administration, he is not only unable to reduce expenditure, but he has introduced a Budget in which the estimate of expenditure is much larger than the estimate of expenditure of a year ago. That is, to say the least, a significant circumstance. And then it is to be remembered that, if the expenditure has grown greatly since Waterloo, the population has grown nearly as much, and the wealth of the country has grown far more.

75 years ago. May 9th, 1857.

China and Christianity.

It is no less a political than a religious mistake to welcome the sword as the pioneer of the cross in China. It was at first suggested—and ardent and ignorant minds eagerly caught at the pleasing delusion—that the Chinese insurrection or revolution had not a religious but a specifically Protestant object. Perhaps it at first suited the insurgents to borrow some Christian phraseology but it may be reasonably doubted whether the missionaries will make any substantial gain by the success of the revolt. The Mantchoo dynasty, in the persons at least of Khang-He and Kien-Long, has not displayed hostility to Christianity; the leader or late leader, of the insurrection has set up for a divinity on his own account, and seems to be not unlikely to copy the attitude of Mahomet or Joe Smith towards the Gospel. Anyhow, he is not likely, even if successful, to become a Chinese Constantine.

VERSE

RENUNCIATION.

THESE had he loved
And these renounced. . . .
These skies of England; English cities;
Walled English gardens in a summer haze;
Old friends, and all youth's clean fidelities;
June evenings, and bronzed Autumn days.

These had he loved
And these did he renounce. . . .

Books, music, songs; the scent of limes;
Gorse blooming; Downland sheep at gaze;
Cathedral cloisters, and an old clock's chimes;
Quiet country towns, and English country ways.

And into exile silently departed
In barren wastes to dwell and yet not barren-hearted.

This his reward. . . . Fame,
And an ever-living deep loved Name. . . .
Not for himself but for Another.

J. S.

TROPICAL EVENING.

NO twilight here: here is no kindly grey
To usher out the weary hours of day,
The scarlet poinsettia's flame of light
Grows swiftly black in the descending night.

And thus, when comes the time for me to go
Into oblivion, let my scared soul know
No twilight; let one brief impassioned breath
Expire in meeting, not recognising, death.

KATHLEEN HEWITT.

THE SPLENDID DEATH.

THEY say he went to splendid death,
Who looked upon his going;
He rode across the sunlit heath,
Bright banners flowing.

Of't they speak of him at the inn
When the starred night comes creeping
Making the houses look pale and thin
As worn with weeping.

For with him went two hundred men—
All of that one small village—
But few were they who came again
To sheepfold or tillage.

They say he went to splendid death,
Who looked not on his dying
Nor heard his last sharp, anguished breath—
Splendour denying

SETON PEACEY.

THEATRE BY GILBERT WAKEFIELD

Wings over Europe. By Robert Nichols and Maurice Browne. Globe.

Heartbreak House. By Bernard Shaw. Queen's.

I have seen it stated somewhere that the author of "Heartbreak House" considers it his best play. Well, perhaps it was—at the time he wrote it. And perhaps it still is—intellectually, and in isolation from his other plays. Unfortunately, much of it is repetitious of familiar Shavian doctrine; and dramatically (that is, as a work of art), I consider it among Shaw's worst plays.

Like several, though by no means all, of his other works, "Heartbreak House" is a symposium on Things In General. But for once the saving grace of dialectic continuity is absent. Not of course, entirely absent; but not, on the other hand, invariably present. There are times when one group of characters, having (for the moment, anyway!) completed its discussion, leaves the stage, to be replaced by another group which promptly embarks on, or resumes, a discussion on some other, wholly unrelated, subject. And that is bad art, therefore bad drama, therefore bad entertainment, and therefore (which is possibly all that matters from the author's point of view) bad proselytism.

Moreover, as proselytism much of it is out-of-date. Naturally; for not only was it written thirteen years ago, but (as the preface, not the play, reminds us) it was intended as a criticism of "cultured leisured Europe before the war." And pre-war Europe ended nearly twenty years ago.

"Ended"? Well, perhaps that is putting it too highly. There is much in "Heartbreak House" that is approximately relevant to post-war England. And oddly enough, that is one of the chief obstacles to our enjoyment. So much of it is topical in 1932 that, with nothing to remind us that its argument relates to 1914, we are all the time assumptively post-dating it. The result—grossly unfair to Mr. Shaw—is none the less inevitable. Though details of the argument are true, the picture as a whole seems false. The female Shotovers, for instance, with their blend of respectability and dalliance, seem as far away in time as crinolines and vapours and flirtation. So, too, the younger men, Hector and Randall, futile and enervated by the "overheated drawing-room atmosphere" of pre-war social life, belong to the days when the Idle Rich class was synonymous with Gentry.

Indeed, the only character in no way "dated" is the devastating Captain Shotover. This beautiful embodiment of Age, with all its selfishness and cunning, and with all its latent pathos, is not, as the others are, a topical, and therefore ephemeral, caricature. Captain Shotover is a great and original stage-character. That alone would guarantee his immortality. But he is also something more. He is a product, not of Shaw's cleverness only, but of his wisdom. And the part is played by Mr. Cedric Hardwicke with a delicate blending of its two contrasted qualities. He does not under-emphasize the rude and ejaculatory, comic Shotover; on the contrary, he gets from it every belly-laugh that anything short of sheer buffoonery could get. Yet he somehow qualifies even the truculence with a hint of mental feebleness, so that when, in the scene with Ellie, he relaxes for a moment and re-

veals the pathetic weariness of Age, there is nothing, even superficially, inconsistent. Mr. Wilfrid Lawson, as Boss Mangan, proved once again his exceptional cleverness as a low—or should I say, a broad?—comedian.

"Wings Over Europe" would be standing a much better chance of commercial success, if its collaborators had been merely two entirely unknown playwrights. Unfortunately, Mr. Nichols is not only a poet, but a Professor of Poetry, and Mr. Browne is strongly suspected of taking the Drama seriously. Not unnaturally, though quite illogically, many of the critics have jumped to the erroneous conclusion that their play is equally serious. Unless I am very much mistaken, it is nothing of the sort, but one of those melodramas which are all the more fun because the characters, instead of being commonplace burglars or seducers, are Important People—in this case, members of the British Cabinet and a Nobel Prize-Winner.

The Prime Minister's young nephew discovered how to utilize the atom. This the authors, in accordance with the terrifying, but possibly over-pessimistic prophecies of Science, interpret as the power, not merely of transmuting wood into gold, exploding lumps of sugar, and similar drawing-room conjuring tricks, but (so far as I could understand the situation) of performing any miracle you please. The Cabinet, after a momentary scepticism, is convinced of the appalling truth, and very properly decides that if the youthful scientist will not consent in the public interest to destroy his secret, they, in the public interest, will have to lock him up indefinitely.

But Master Francis Lightfoot has foreseen this probability, and arranged in that event to blow England into atomic smithereens. Why? Because, in addition to being a scientist, he is also a poet; and poet-like he believes in the Essential Goodness of something he refers to as Humanity, meaning thereby (as the Foreign Secretary eventually persuades him) those very dull, ignorant, stupid and contented things called men and women. Disillusioned, and convinced that Humanity is unworthy of the atom, he decides to destroy, not merely England, but the World. And so to a final act of that incomparable form of dramatic suspense, in which, while a clock is heard ticking away the final quarter-of-an-hour, everybody on the stage awaits what seems inevitable death. In the end, of course—but this is a Thriller, and I must not play the spoil-sport.

Intellectually, "Wings Over Europe" is what America calls "hokum." Its authors are obviously not qualified, either politically or scientifically, to tackle the tremendous subject seriously. Not one of the characters is anything more than a stage-puppet. Nothing that happens in the play has even a specious reality. No matter; if the puppets and the situations make good melodrama, let the playgoer be thankful! And on the whole they do. They will make even better melodrama if Mr. Francis James will subordinate the poet to the man of science. The Cabinet has yet to acclimatize itself to politics; at present the general impression is of Tussaud's, rather than of Downing Street. I must except from this generalization Mr. Felix Aylmer, who is lucky in having a part quite perfectly suited to his dry, cerebral style, and Mr. Melville Cooper who (as a Sporting Peer) is provided by the authors with more character—or what passes on the stage for character—than brains.

FILMS BY MARK FORREST

Lily Christine. Directed by Paul L. Stein. The Plaza.

The Faithful Heart. Directed by Victor Saville. The New Gallery.

Madchen in Uniform. Directed by Leontine Sagan. The Academy.

Two of the new pictures this week have at any rate one thing in common, and that is the slow pace of the direction; the fault does not lie so much in the actual delivery of the dialogue—the words flow fast enough—but the action is such a funereal business. Both "Lily Christine" and "The Faithful Heart" are British productions, though the former has a German director and an American leading actress, and this lethargic treatment is a characteristic of films made in this country. If that was all which was wrong with "Lily Christine" it wouldn't matter so much, but this new picture at the Plaza suffers from a variety of complaints. First of all, it seems to have been made with the object of giving the public their money's worth of Corinne Griffith; there is nothing against that, but it is no use overloading the action and destroying the balance with "shots" which have apparently no other purpose than to present another view of her face. Colin Clive, Jack Trevor, Margaret Bannerman and Miles Mander are supporting her, but none of the last three has much opportunity to make themselves people of any substance. In the case of Miles Mander it is particularly unfortunate because during his brief appearances the picture comes to life. I have not read Mr. Arlen's book, but the story of "Lily Christine" as presented in this picture appears quite incredible. I suppose men like the heroine's husband do exist and perhaps there are women who prefer death under buses to mothering their children and living with a man whom they love and who loves them, but I have not met them. It is all meant to be very heroic and satisfactory; from the cinematograph point of view the scene at Hyde Park Corner certainly is, but from any other standpoint it all seems so much nonsense, which is emphasised by many solecisms in the dialogue and by some wretched cutting.

"The Faithful Heart" at the New Gallery, should prove successful. The extensive use of the Dunning Process in this picture makes it technically interesting, and the story is one which should have a universal appeal. Edna Best and Herbert Marshall are featured in it and Mr. Saville, apart from the slowness of his tempo, directs very soundly. As the story opens in 1900 and closes in 1921 he has had no easy job, but he has succeeded in catching the atmosphere using his incidental music cleverly to aid him.

I referred to the new film at the Academy, "Madchen in Uniform," when the Film Society showed it last month. The management of this cinema in showing "Kameradschaft" has been amply rewarded for their enterprise and I hope they will have a similar success with this new German picture. I very much doubt, nevertheless, whether a psychological study of adolescence, will appeal to the public in spite of the brilliance, both of direction and acting.

CORRESPONDENCE

HARWOOD v. HORLER.

SIR,—Life is very perplexing. That is why I am making this appeal to you. On the very day that your fiction critic, Mr. H. C. Harwood, declared in the *Saturday Review* that my Ninepenny Benn novel, *Gentleman-in-Waiting*, would have been considered poor value for a penny in pre-War days, I received an announcement from the Publishers that the Book Trade had been so carelessly indifferent to their own interests as to order 70,000 copies, before publication.

I am overcome with confusion. After Mr. Harwood's so-just condemnation, how can I ever pass a bookshop again? Don't I know that all those copies of *Gentleman-in-Waiting* will lie for year after year, accumulating dust and earning the merited contempt of the unfortunate purchaser? Oh, why didn't you print Mr. Harwood's notice before it was too late?

It is not, however, merely my Ninepenny Benn that causes me worry. All my life, I have suspected that I was a terrible writer, and now I have had my fear confirmed. But what am I to do? I must live (although I am sure your critic would declare that he does not see the necessity); and, so lamentably poor is the modern taste in reading, that people, who ought to know better, are persisting not merely in reading my books, but in buying them. Oh dear! I hang my head in shame, when I admit that something like 1,250,000 copies have been purchased to date.

I know nothing sadder than this in the whole world of literature. Imagine a million and a quarter self-respecting, well-conducted people continuing to deceive themselves that they have laid out their money to good value, when all the time—as I now know through the kindness of Mr. Harwood—my stories aren't worth the paper on which they are printed. : . : ! Will someone bring me a rope, or a sufficient dose of prussic acid. . . .

And there are also the publishers. At the present time I am under contract to four of the leading Houses in London. To think that these simple, unsophisticated souls should be so grossly victimised!

But the worst, perhaps, is to come. According to Mr. Harwood—and I am sure if there is one reliable fiction critic left, it is Mr. Harwood—my public should consist entirely or scullery maids and errand boys. But no! Higher minds are being contaminated. Only the other day, I heard from a lady correspondent to the effect that she actually knew two Bishops (*Bishops*, mark you!) who wallowed (Mr. Harwood will no doubt agree that this is the correct term) in the trash which your critic, with such a fine sense of public duty, has exposed to the discriminating readers of the *Saturday Review*.

My dear sir, I don't know which way to turn or what to do. Perhaps you will advise me? Shall it be the rope or the prussic acid?—Yours faithfully,

SYDNEY HORLER.

AMERICAN EDUCATION

SIR,—My attention has been drawn to an article entitled "A Briton Looks at American Education" by Mr. John Boyd-Carpenter which appeared recently in the *Saturday Review*. The article as a whole, in its

contrasting of British and American ideals and methods in education, is remarkable, it seems to me, only as representing a recrudescence of a form of British chauvinism which, for some years, has happily been missing from the British press. I doubt very much if Mr. Boyd-Carpenter represents the best-informed English opinion on the subject of American education. I prefer to think his sneering attitude is rather exclusively his own. For that reason I am not much concerned to offer comment on his observations in general. Inasmuch, however, as he singles out my University for a particular sneer, I must protest against this special exhibition of unfairness and injustice.

As illustrating what he calls "the incomprehensible worship of a game they call football," Mr. Boyd-Carpenter writes: "For instance, the University of Notre Dame, a place of no particular intellectual pretensions, has enjoyed recently a great reputation simply because its football team was not, for a long time, defeated by any of the teams it chose to meet." I do not know what Mr. Boyd-Carpenter regards as "a great reputation." It is true enough that the varsity football team of the University of Notre Dame has attracted considerable attention because it has been a remarkably good football team. The mistake which Mr. Boyd-Carpenter makes, and he is not alone in this error, is in considering that the news-value of inter-collegiate athletics, as estimated by the sports' editors, represents either the university estimate of their value or the estimate placed upon them by thinking men in general.

I am concerned less, however, with this misconception than with Mr. Boyd-Carpenter's insouciant parenthetic observation that the University of Notre Dame is "a place of no particular intellectual pretensions." I should hope that remark were true as written, for "pretensions" of any sort are hardly to be entertained. It is obvious from the context, however, Mr. Boyd-Carpenter means that the University of Notre Dame has no particular claim to intellectual distinction or, in other words, has a low academic rating. The viciousness of this remark resides in the confidence with which it is made. Mr. Boyd-Carpenter is a paid workman, I assume. He should know his trade. Since his trade is journalism, he should know what he is writing about. Apparently, it has never occurred to him that he should inform himself as to the academic reputation of the University of Notre Dame.

A slur upon the intellectual achievements of Notre Dame is particularly untimely just now when the attention of the scientific and industrial world is focussed upon a highly important discovery in the field of chemical research made by one of the professors of the University of Notre Dame. How does Mr. Boyd-Carpenter, writing as an authority on American education, come to be unaware of this discovery? I can understand that this critic might be unfamiliar with these facts: that some of the earliest successful research work in aviation and wireless telegraphy was done at Notre Dame; that fifty years ago, one of the greatest living Italian artists was brought to Notre Dame to decorate the college church and other buildings with mural paintings that are among the glories of the school to this day; that the literary traditions of Notre Dame are directly derived from the New England group of Longfellow and Lowell and Charles Dana in this country, and in England from Robert Louis

Stevenson through his friend Charles Warren Stoddard, for many years a professor at Notre Dame; that the University of Notre Dame was a pioneer in establishing an award for distinguished service in all lines of human endeavour, and that for forty-nine years, the Laetare Medal has been the most prized distinction which an American lay Catholic could receive, that the University of Notre Dame possesses one of the best Dante libraries in the world and one of the finest art collections of early Italian masters; that the archives and incunabula of the University attract research workers from all over the United States; that the engagement last year of G. K. Chesterton for a lecture series over a period of six weeks, of Doctor Gilson, of the Sorbonne, of Doctor Franco Bruno Averardi, of the University of Florence, and of Hilaire Belloc for the coming year, represents a policy which the University has followed for half a century; that the faculty of the University is composed of Scholars, many of whom have been educated in the universities of England and the Continent, as well as in those American universities which Mr. Boyd-Carpenter refers to, somewhat snobbishly, as the "prestige" universities. Something of all this Mr. Boyd-Carpenter might have learned from a series of articles contributed to the *Dublin Review* by Mr. Wilfrid Ward, its editor, on his return to England after an extended lecture engagement at the University of Notre Dame.

Is it altogether unreasonable to expect men like Mr. John Boyd-Carpenter to know what they are talking about? Is it asking to much that they inform themselves before setting out to misinform the public? I do not think so. At any rate, a greater Englishman than Mr. Boyd-Carpenter, and one whose authority in education is certainly not less, Cardinal Newman, would recognize, I think, in the educational standards and methods of the University of Notre Dame a rather successful approach to that educational ideal which perhaps better than anyone else Cardinal Newman has summarised as "The instinctive just estimate of things as they pass before us." With that in mind, Mr. Boyd-Carpenter's article, "A Briton Looks at American Education" would fare badly, I believe, at the hands of our freshman class in journalism.

I leave it to the authorities of "Harvard, Yale, Princeton, and perhaps Cornell" to answer the slur that these universities are not "essentially American."

CHARLES L. O'DONNELL, C.S.C.,
University, Notre Dame. President.

HOSPITALS AND CINEMAS.

SIR,—I would like to ask those of your readers who oppose the opening of Cinemas on Sunday, what they propose to do about the hospitals, which rely to a large extent upon the funds raised by Sunday charity performances?

I know it is ridiculous that our hospitals should depend upon promiscuous charity, including "the pictures" to keep going their great work amongst the poor, but until some better way is devised—that is, until this great service is organised and controlled by the State and becomes a State service—they are compelled to look to irrelevant sources for maintenance. At the Annual Court of the East London Hospital for Children, it was stated the other day by Mr. Alan G.

Cave, the Vice-Chairman, that thanks to the employment of "a highly skilled professional 'beggar'" the deficit last year was £929 11s. 0d., while the Christmas before the overdraft stood at £14,000.

My views on the Sunday opening of Cinemas are well known and I need not re-state them here, but I would like those who do not share my views to say what alternative, other than the State provision of means, they have for the present methods adopted by our hospitals for raising the funds necessary to carry on the great work they are doing amongst the poor of this country.

GEORGE LANSBURY.

HAS RATIONALISM A FUTURE?

SIR,—What exactly is the point of Mr. Owen's letter? He says: "The Rationalist has Faith in Reason and the religious man holds Faith to be reasonable." He states the case for the Rationalist reasonably, but what about the case for the "religious man"? Does the "religious man" hold any kind of Faith to be reasonable, or does he distinguish between reasonable and unreasonable "Faith"? And if the latter should be the case, would he not be in the company of a most "religious man" Tertullian, to wit, who believed—"quia absurdum." Is it not the point that whilst the Rationalist has good reasons for his Faith, the "religious man" has reasons which vary from the less good to the bad, so that we are, in fact, all "Rationalists" of a kind, and, since the Rationalist proper has faith in Reason, we are also all "religious men" of one kind or another.

HERBERT FURST.

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REVIEWS

THE ROTHENSTEIN MEMOIRS.

Men and Memories. Vol. 2. Recollections of William Rothenstein 1900-1922. Illustrated with 48 full page plates reproduced in collotype. Faber & Faber. 21s.

There seems a quieter tone in this second instalment of Sir William Rothenstein's memoirs than in the first brilliant volume which took the world by surprise. And yet it is not the quietude of middle age, for the flame of art, and beauty (for which he always stands), and personality, burns as brightly. It is that we already know his reactions to some of the figures who recur, and are seized of his point of view. During the period here covered, from 1900 to 1922, the artist is confronted with the changing aims and technique, aspirations and revolts, of the younger artists. Though he is not with them, he is not divorced; he succeeds in convincing us of his alertness of mind and width of sympathy, even while telling home truths to the "moderns."

He traces the great split between the older and the younger painters in England to the Post-Impressionist exhibition of 1910 at the Grafton Gallery. Here and there in the book are to be found analyses of Cézanne, Matisse, Epstein, and others who might be taken at hazard, from which it is plain enough that he himself keeps to the middle of the road. But his criticism is so acute, and so moderately expressed, that it must be reckoned with, even by modernist devotees. Those who wish to take up cudgels with him, or to renew heated controversies on the outlook of painting and art, must go to the book itself.

Here it is worth dwelling on the literary quality of his Memoirs, and his craftsmanship as a writer, which stands high. Since the subject matter—the themes, and personalities, the interpretation of life through the vision of an engaging mind—is so fascinating, this will remain an important contribution to the literature of our time. We continue to see how fortunate a man Sir William has been in his friends and acquaintances. His contact with writers is as intimate as with artists, and there are some charming lights on W. H. Hudson, A. E. Housman, Conrad, Michael Field, Tagore (whom he introduced to English readers), and our old friend Max Beerbohm again. A sidelight, too, on the war, and its effect on the artists. There are many admirable portraits and drawings in the book.

Here is something pertinent to the Royal Academy.—"All young men speak harshly of academies. They naturally begin by being of the opposition. Furse, Clausen, John, Orpen, and how many others! talked as Strang did, yet they finally allowed their names to be submitted for election . . . I have known no good man spoilt, nor bad painter improved, by being in the Academy. Whistler, who always held the Academy up to ridicule, would gladly have accepted election."

A. P. NICHOLSON.

GREAT HARRY

The Private Character of Henry VIII. By Frederick Chamberlin. The Bodley Head. 18s.

WHILE estimates of the character of Henry the Eighth have ranged from the schoolboy's conception of an English Bluebeard to that of the most remarkable monarch who ever occupied the English throne, biographers and historians have until recently been unanimous in taking it for granted that he was a syphilitic. Mr. Chamberlin has himself been an exponent of that view, which he set forth in "The Private Character of Queen Elizabeth," but further research has resulted in an *amende honorable*, and in the present volume he supports his conversion by a mass of well-documented and entirely authenticated contemporary records, which incidentally make up a medical history not only of Henry but also of Mary and Elizabeth. This vindication is, in fact, the key-note of the book.

Where doctors differ, it is not for the layman to decide, but among the salient facts are that the King was a noted athlete until his forty-fifth year, and that his physical infirmity, which on the evidence may well have been nothing but an ulcerated leg, was unknown until he had a bad fall while jousting at the age of forty-four. The date is important, since if the syphilis theory be correct, the taint should have been transmitted many years earlier to at least some of his offspring. Moreover, having regard to the publicity of a monarch's life, and the facts that Henry was spied on by a host of ambassadors, legates, and nuncios, and that his health was a matter of profound importance to the chancelleries of France, Spain, and the Empire, it is significant that among all the voluminous correspondence of the time that has come down to us, there is no specific reference to the disease. The absence of any such reference is especially significant when it is remembered that the contemporary treatment involved the administration of mercury over a period of several weeks, and that if such a treatment had been given it must have been known to various people about the person of the sovereign.

Mr. Chamberlin does not rely entirely on contemporary records, but has also submitted the medical history to four of the most eminent living medical specialists in England and the United States. The first comes to the considered opinion that Henry was not syphilitic. The second leaves the question open, but points out that there is no evidence to indicate congenital syphilis in Elizabeth or Mary. The third expert characterises the evidence as "flimsy" and the theory as "improbable," and the fourth holds the evidence to be "insufficient." So that even if we are not prepared to return a verdict of "Not Guilty," justice would seem to demand one of "Not Proven."

The question is, of course, of incomparably more than academic interest. As Mr. Chamberlin emphasises, "In all the Tudors, their health was the most powerful factor not only in their lives, but in the destiny and politics of the nation over which they had such control and of all the civilised peoples of Europe." The medical history of a ruler here assumes international and far-reaching significance, and in this instance, if we absolve Henry, we must also absolve from hereditary taint the two daughters who succeeded him on the throne.

DAVID OCKHAM.

C.I.D.

The History of the Criminal Investigation Department at Scotland Yard. By Margaret Prothero. Herbert Jenkins. 15s.

IT is not easy to realise that the English police force, as we know it to-day, has only been in existence for a little over a century, and that the C.I.D. is of even more recent origin. In this book Miss Prothero gives a very interesting and clear account of the origin and growth of the latter institution since the days when Henry Fielding, the novelist, made the first attempt to form a detective force by recruiting a body of men for the special purpose of suppressing a notorious gang of street robbers, which was terrorising the citizens of London about the end of the year 1753. These few officers were the first efficient police that the country had known, and later, under the control of Sir John Fielding, the blind half-brother of the author of *Tom Jones*, they developed into the famous Bow Street Runners of old.

Ever since an organised police force came into existence in England it has had to deal with a peculiarly sensitive public opinion. On more than one occasion the police, as a body, have come into conflict with those ideas of personal liberty which are so dear to the British public, and as long ago as 1839 we find the force being pilloried for the action of one of its members called Popay who obtained evidence against the National Union of the Working Classes by spying on it: since then there have been the cases associated with the names of Titley, Savidge, and Goddard, which have all caused great scandals, and have resulted in a thorough overhaul of both the supervision, the personnel, and the methods of the police.

The lot of the detective is not a happy one, as he is to a great extent handicapped by this animosity of the public. While one may not altogether approve of the more drastic methods of the French and American police, it is difficult not to sympathize with the unfortunate English detectives who are expected to obtain quick and accurate solutions of any crimes, and at the same time are not allowed a free hand in the matter of obtaining their evidence.

Another difficulty with which the C.I.D. has to contend is the jealousy of the ordinary uniformed force. Surely it is little short of farcical to have a body of men specially trained for the purpose of detecting crimes, and then to allow any half-educated country policeman to decide whether or no they shall be called in to help to unravel the mystery of some complicated crime which may happen to have been committed in his district? In these days when specialists are more than ever required in all walks of life it would only be reasonable to issue some regulation making it compulsory for the various local police forces of the country to call in the assistance of Scotland Yard when any major crime has been perpetrated in the area under their control, or when evidence of a suspicious nature arises that may in time lead to the discovery of a crime.

Miss Prothero is to be congratulated upon a book that has not only a historical, but also a decidedly topical, interest.

CECILIA MASON.

HEIRS TO THE HABSBURGS

G. E. R. GEDYE

(Daily Telegraph Correspondent for Central Europe)

(With a foreword by G. P. GOOCH,
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THIRTY SHILLING ADVENTURE

Wild Oats. By Eric Muspratt. Duckworth. 8s. 6d.

THE fact that Mr. Muspratt does not bore one with his constant train jumping and an itinerary that, though certainly unusual and stimulating, after all was very much the same from Boulogne to Paris, and then from Paris to Marseilles, and so on, says a great deal for Mr. Muspratt.

It would have been easy to add this adventure, that colourful contribution, and yet one knows that Mr. Muspratt has added nothing and that his adventures (although to eat a big black slug on bread and butter is slightly nauseating) such as they are were the actual events.

Eric Muspratt travelled through twelve European countries in six months with no passport and with 30s. in his pocket. He had adventures; he gained first-hand information of varied and on the whole interesting and unusual types of people; he was more often than not cold and very hungry; he languished in prison; he begged his food; he stole wine from a goods train and became very drunk indeed; he sowed his wild oats left and right—and now he writes a book about it.

The obvious question to ask is whether the history of the sowing of these wild oats is of sufficient interest for a book; but Mr. Muspratt gets away with it for he is an exhilarating person and his simple style of narration, of what after all were simple adventures, rises to the heights of adventure stories on account of their very simplicity.

Mr. Muspratt, besides being able to sow wild oats, can also write, and this together with a very definite philosophy of life, which he is not above contradicting, a true sense of beauty, all serve to make "Wild Oats" a quite unusually interesting adventure book.

EVERYMAN'S LIBRARY.

Italian Short Stories. Edited by Decio Petoello. Dent and Sons. 2s.

Oblomov. By Ivan Goncharov. Dent and Sons. 2s.

Reminiscences. By Thomas Carlyle. Dent and Sons. 2s.

WHENEVER literary parties become dull, and they are apt to do so at once, there is no bone, fuller of marrow, to toss to the assembly than the one about the short story. A suitable quiet prevailing, one should raise one's voice so that it is heard in the farthest corner of the room and demand what a short story exactly is; after that one has only to sit back and go to sleep, assured that the guests will enjoy themselves and will arrive at no conclusion.

Sometimes it is necessary to put the question in a more concrete form and Messrs. Dent, having just augmented their Everyman's Library with a collection of Italian short stories ranging from Boccaccio to Grazia Desedola, one might be more specific in one's enquiry. The collection is a good one and the first qualification of a good short story is fulfilled, because all of them are short; whether, however, a character sketch or two has not crept into the volume under the guise of a story is another matter.

Uniform with this volume and bringing the library to nearly nine hundred books is the first complete translation of "Oblomov" and a new edition of Carlyle's "Reminiscences."

ROME AT THE END OF THE XVIII CENTURY

Storia di Trent'anni. By Diego Angeli. Milan, Treves. 30 lire.

SIG. DIEGO ANGELI, the well-known author and journalist, has devoted much study to the history of XVIII. and XIX. century Rome, and in his new volume, "Storia di Trent'anni," he gives us not a chronological account of the period (1770-1800), but a series of brilliant sketches of Roman life as it was during the last decades before the French Revolution, the short-lived Republican régime and the temporary restoration of the hierarchical government. Politics, the Church, society, art and literature, manners and customs, all are depicted with the author's customary light touch, but a touch which implies widespread reading and delving into innumerable histories and memoirs and records. Some of the essays are of especial interest for English readers and will make them impatient for Sig. Angeli's long promised book on "Roma Britannica." One of them deals with Sir John Hippisley's mission to Rome in 1792, the first official contact between Great Britain and the Vatican since relations were broken off under Elizabeth. Hippisley had been sent to Rome to negotiate an agreement with the Pope against French aggression, and Pius gladly allowed a British regiment, the 12th Lancers, to occupy Civitavecchia for three months; when it was about to depart he invited the officers to the Vatican and gave them medals and a blessing. It was then agreed that he should send a representative to London to express his gratitude to the British Government for its hospitality to the French Catholic refugees, and Monsignor Erskine was chosen for the task. Erskine was well received both by the Ministers and the King, and although he failed to solve the *vexata quaestio* of Catholic emancipation, he was able, when the Pope had been forced into exile by the French, to act under British protection as intermediary between His Holiness and the Catholic episcopate in Spain, Portugal and Germany.

The chapter on the evolution of art in Rome at that period will doubtless give rise to much controversy, for Sig. Angeli claims that the so-called Empire style of architecture and decoration was of purely Roman origin; Palazzo Braschi, which Burckhardt calls the last baroque edifice in Rome, is, the writer maintains, the first of the neo-classical style, the fore-runner of Valadier's buildings of the Napoleonic era and of Canova's monument to Clement XIV. Some of the illustrations of buildings, architectural motifs and ornaments seem to bear out the author's view.

LUIGI VILLARI.

The Roget Dictionary of Synonyms and Antonyms. By C. O. Sylvester Mawson. The Bodley Head. 12s. 6d.

ROGETS THESAURUS is, of course, known throughout the literary-world, but its excellence and usefulness is somewhat discounted by the time required to find a word. As in most other academic treatises it is necessary to look in two places for every reference—the index, and the chapter or category. So the *Roget Dictionary* is born. It is so to speak, a dictionary within a dictionary. For every meaning is covered under one head, and it becomes no longer necessary to undergo the boring process of first searching through the index and then looking up the word required in the category of meaning as well.

NEW NOVELS

The Wise and Foolish Virgins. By Marguerite Steen. Gollancz. 7s. 6d.

New Heaven, New Earth. Phoebe Fenwick Gaye. Secker. 7s. 6d.

Expatriates. By M. A. Dormie. Appleton. 7s. 6d.

Miss Steen has chosen a drab and unhappy picture to paint in her new novel, but she covers her canvas with the strokes of a master. She makes us read into her portraiture, to see through the pitiful puppets she depicts on her scene and to realise that behind all the grey-ness lies a humanity vivid and alive.

The slums are not pleasant places to contemplate, and life in the slums is still more unpleasant, but it gives Miss Steen the opportunity of writing a very humane and very graphic story. Perhaps that is a little unfair though, because the slums in themselves are very human.

But out of the turmoil and the horror there rises a picture of youth, flowerlike amongst the dirt and squalor. Very, very delightful is this delicate piece of characterisation and very, very refreshing to find in the surrounding atmosphere.

Miss Steen does not mince her words, neither does she hide her less polite situations behind a cloak of insincerity. For those who can stand their fiction strong, "The Wise and the Foolish Virgins" is a book whose beauty should appeal and whose strength and portraiture should satisfy.

The author of *Vivandiere* has taken a handful of people from the Old World and set them down in an Atlantic liner bound for the New. Unrelated, their hopes and fears react each to the other, so that they become a part of an integral whole. One sees the separate threads of their lives drawing close, uniting and plaiting themselves into a rope to which each of these people cling. With the approach of land, the rope separates. Captain Lauripride's rope leads him overboard, Axel's breaks and slips from his grasp. We are on the fringes of tragedy when Miss Gaye dexterously diverts our attentions back again to Marty Sullivan and her hopes of New England, "not caring what New England was like, as long as it was new," to the Custances and their eagerness to be home again after ten years of wandering, to Sister Theresa and her opportunity of service.

Whether grave or gay, the author touches all her situations with a delicacy and wit which is delightfully refreshing so that the hint of tragedy passes almost unperceived behind its mask of light-heartedness. *New Heaven New Earth* is a novel which should enlarge Miss Gaye's circle of readers.

A Lancashire lad makes good in America and, when he is a millionaire, he adopts the entire tiny village where he was born and transplants it to Warnersville, U.S.A. Improbable? Perhaps—but delicious reading none the less. Miss Dormie has taken a big stride on the upward path with this novel. The characterisation is far better, far less over-emphasised than in her first book, "Snobs." Even the least character in the book is clearly drawn and Bruce Warner, in particular, is an admirable study of the type of man who finds it impossible to do anything without weighing up the publicity value thereof.

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CITY

Lombard Street, Wednesday.

No one in the City appears to be the least bit surprised that tariffs are not proving that panacea to our trade ills that so many expected them to be. Some trades are undoubtedly benefitting, but others are languishing because our customers, already poor, have been made the poorer by tariff restrictions and cannot now buy from us at all. Then there are those who are openly hostile and are retaliating by deliberately boycotting our goods. As revenue producers tariffs are, however, proving useful. The Exchequer is getting that much needed revenue with which to keep a balanced Budget and should this new source of income continue to be remunerative we may at least hope for some early reduction in taxation. This is regarded as one of the surest ways of helping industry and of relieving unemployment, for with production costs lowered our manufacturers should be able to compete more successfully with our world-wide trade rivals.

The New Treasury Bonds.

Meanwhile business in the Stock Exchange is more or less at a standstill. The reception of the Government's 3 per cent. Treasury Bonds issue has been of a mixed character. The money market, to which the Bonds are designed largely to appeal, is not over enthusiastic. With commercial bills so very limited owing to the slackness of trade the existence of Lombard Street is now largely dependent on Treasury Bills and as these will be automatically curtailed by the new Government issue the prospects are not altogether to the liking of the market. The Stock Exchange, on the other hand, takes the view that with the impending repayment of the Treasury Bonds of 1931-33, as well as the limitation of weekly Treasury Bill issues, there will be a growing scarcity of short-term Government securities and a further rise in gilt-edged stocks.

More Industrial Capital.

One encouraging sign at the moment is a revival of activity in the market for new capital issues. This week several industrial companies have placed new issues before the public and others are expected to follow suit. Among these is the offer by the Metal Box Company of £600,000 5½ per cent. Debenture stock at 96 and £200,000 7 per cent. £1 Preference shares at 21s. each. The company is a prosperous undertaking and for the eighteen months to September 30 earned a net revenue balance sufficient to cover debenture interest nearly five times and the preference dividend over two and a quarter times. On the same day the Scottish Power Company invited applications for £600,000 6 per cent. Preference shares at 23s. per share. This is one of the successful electric supply companies whose ordinary shareholders have received 8 per cent. in dividends for each of the past nine years, from which it is clear that the preference dividend is well covered by current earnings. Then there has been the issue by the Cadena Cafés, Ltd., of 50,000 Ordinary Shares of £1 each at 40s. per share. An offer of shares at 100 per cent. premium is in itself an indication of prosperity and seeing that this old-established company has paid regular 20 per cent. dividends for each of the

past eleven years, the shares have much to commend them.

Oil Profits Improve.

In declaring an interim dividend of 5 per cent. on account of the year to June 30 next the directors of Trinidad Leaseholds, Ltd. (the £1,300,000 company owning oil lands and refineries in Trinidad) state that profits for the current year to date show a considerable improvement in spite of lower prices of oil products. If existing conditions continue, they add, a final dividend at the same rate will be recommended. Last year no interim dividend was paid, but 5 per cent. was declared for the whole of 1930-31. The present growth of profits is due to further reduction in working expenditure and to the benefit derived from exchange since the departure of Great Britain from the Gold Standard.

Dunlop Rubber Accounts.

Thanks to the large amount brought into the accounts from the preceding year the Dunlop Rubber Company are able to pay the full dividends for the past year on all classes of Preference shares, but do not propose to pay anything on the Ordinary shares which for 1930 received a dividend of 6 per cent. For this position the shareholders have largely to thank the tax collector. As a fact the company did remarkably well in 1931 seeing that it has earned a profit, after providing for depreciation, of £1,181,000, or only £69,000 less than for 1930. Taxation reserve, however, requires £374,000 so that after providing this sum and the Preference dividends the balance to be carried forward is reduced from £568,000 to £391,000.

COMPANY MEETING.

ARMY AND NAVY CO-OPERATIVE SOCIETY

The annual general meeting of the Army and Navy Co-operative Society Ltd. was held on April 28 at Caxton Hall, Westminster, S.W.

Brig.-Gen. Sir Frederick Gascoigne, K.C.V.O., C.M.G., D.S.O., D.L., J.P., the vice-chairman, presided, and said he was sure all present would share with his colleagues and himself very great regret at the unavoidable absence of the chairman of the company, Lord Ebury.

The results now presented reflected the unfavourable conditions of trading which had prevailed during the period under review. The society had not endeavoured to maintain the amount of profit on the lower value of commodities, but had been faithful to their policy of keeping down prices in the interests of those who dealt with it. As in the past, so to day, their business literally provided a standard whereby price levels were established, and by its policy of regulated profit could only be regarded as a public benefactor.

In the matter of comparison of retail prices there was now to be noted a greater disparity than ever between the society's prices and costs elsewhere. In 1929 over a considerable range of commodities of everyday use, the cost elsewhere had been more by approximately 2s. in the pound. In the year under review the difference was no less than 2s. 8d. in the pound, from which it might be legitimately inferred that, contrary to the Pharisaical claims made by others of meeting the needs of the public in these hard times, those people were seeking their own salvation by securing an even larger margin of profit than in the past. Sooner or later, it was certain, the discriminating public would awaken to such "quackery of competition" and transfer their custom to establishments such as theirs, where long years of sound trading had taught people the world over not only to trust their capacity in matters of quality, but more especially the society's integrity in matters of price.

The revenue of the year from trading account and miscellaneous revenue had amounted to £646,094, a decrease of £114,691. Expenses showed a reduction of £30,697 at £525,338, leaving a net profit of £120,756, or a decrease of £83,994. It was proposed to pay a final dividend of 10d. per share, making the interim dividend of 5d. already paid, a total of 12½ per cent. for the year.

The report and accounts were adopted.

Literary

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The "Saturday Review" Suggests This Week:

[We hope that this page will keep our readers in touch with the best of the Theatre, Film, and Wireless programmes, and the books which in our opinion are the most interesting of the week.—ED.]

THEATRES

GILBERT WAKEFIELD'S LIST

- LYCEUM. *The Miracle*. 8.30. Wed. and Sat., 2.30. Pseudo-religious pageantry—frequently magnificent as a stage-spectacle. Review next week.
- CRITERION. *Musical Chairs*. By Ronald Mackenzie. 8.40. Tues. and Sat. 2.30. Intelligent comedy in the manner of "The Cherry Orchard." Review next week.
- GLOBE. *Wings Over Europe*. By Robert Nichols and Maurice Browne. 8.30. Wed. and Sat. 2.30. Reviewed this week.
- QUEEN'S. *Heartbreak House*. By Bernard Shaw. 8.15. Wed. and Sat. 2.30. Reviewed this week.
- PLAYHOUSE. *Doctor Pygmalion*. By Harrison Owen. 8.30. Wed. and Thurs. 2.30. Gladys Cooper, Ronald Squire, Edmond Breon and other first-class fashionable actors in a very nearly first-class fashionable comedy.
- ROYALTY. *While Parents Sleep*. By Anthony Kimmins. 8.40. Thurs. and Sat. 2.40. Uproarious comedy, not for the squeamish.
- DUCHESS. *The Rose without a Thorn*. By Clifford Bax. 8.30. Wed. and Sat. 2.30. A dramatic and interesting play about Henry VIII.
- PALACE. *The Cat and the Fiddle*. By Jerome Kern and Otto Harbach. 8.30. Wed. and Sat. 2.30. That very rare thing, an intelligent musical comedy, excellently played.
- WESTMINSTER. *Tobias and the Angel*. By James Bridie. 8.30. Wed. and Sat. 2.30. Henry Ainley and a company of very clever actors in the most delightful comedy in London.

BROADCASTING

WIRELESS EDITOR'S LIST

- NATIONAL.
- Monday, May 9, 6.50 p.m. Mr. Desmond MacCarthy will give the weekly talk on "New Books."
- 9.20 p.m. The Rt. Hon. J. H. Thomas, M.P., will describe some of his early adventures and experiences.
- Tuesday, May 10, 6.50 p.m. 8.20 p.m. Continuing the series of discussions called "Artists at Work" Mr. Stanley Casson will discuss Portrait Painting with Mr. Edward Halliday.
- Wednesday, May 11, 6.55 p.m. Act I. of "Tristan and Isolde" will be relayed from Covent Garden Opera House.
- 7.30 p.m. Continuing the series "Must Britain Starve?" Lord Lymington and Professor Arnold Plant will discuss the question "Do we need a Rural Population?"
- Friday, May 13, 7.10 p.m. Mr. James Agate will give his fortnightly talk on "The Theatre."
- 9.35 p.m. The Rt. Hon. Lord Lloyd, G.C.S.I., G.C.I.E., D.S.O., will talk on "Solving a Hospital Problem."
- LONDON REGIONAL.
- Wednesday, May 11, 8.35 p.m. Mr. Robert Harris will read a short story, "In the Ways of his Heart," by C. E. Montague.

FILMS

MARK FORREST'S LIST

LONDON FILMS

- THE NEW GALLERY. *The Faithful Heart*. Criticized in this issue.
- THE CARLTON. *Shanghai Express*. Marlene Dietrich in a good melodrama, directed by Mr. Josef von Sternberg.
- THE RIALTO. *A Nous La Liberté*. The last week of Mr. Claire's satire will be followed by *Il Est Charmant* with Henry Garat.
- THE REGAL AND THE LONDON PAVILION. *The Silent Voice*. George Arliss. Last week; will be followed by Constance Bennett in *Reputation*.
- THE ACADEMY. *Mädchen in Uniform*. Criticized in this issue.
- THE FORUM. *The Five Year Plan*. An interesting Russian film with a commentary in English.
- THE TIVOLI. *Arrowsmith*. This screen adaption of Mr. Lewis's book continues. Ronald Colman and Helen Hayes.

GENERAL RELEASES

- The Rise of Helga*. Screen adaption of "Susan Lennox" with Greta Garbo and Clark Gable.
- Five Star Final*. Screen version of the play "Late Night Final" with Edward G. Robinson.
- Huckleberry Finn*. Fine performance by Jackie Cooper.

BOOKS TO READ

LITERARY EDITOR'S LIST

- Herbert Warren. By Laurie Magnus. Murray. 12s. The life of the last President of Magdalen College.
- Problems of Relative Growth*. Methuen. 12s. 6d. Professor Julian Huxley's new work.
- A Cavalier in Muscovy*. By Baroness Buxhoeveden. Macmillan. 15s. Russia as the noted Scots soldier Gordon saw it.
- Evils of Industrial Assurance*. By J. G. Sinclair. Rivers. 5s. Vouched for by Lord Snowden as sincere if severe.
- Japan Speaks*. By K. K. Kawakami. Macmillan. 7s. 6d.
- And China Through the Ages*. By Mrs. A. Wingate. Crosby. 7s. 6d. Might be read together.
- Across Lapland*. By O. M. Chaplin. Lane. 15s. Being a woman's account of her travels.
- Moments with Golfing Masters*. By R. H. K. Browning. Methuen. 3s. 6d. Or how to achieve the birdie and the eagle.
- Calvin's First Psalter*. Edited by Sir R. Terry. Benn. 10s. 6d. A description in itself.

NOVELS

- I'll Never Be Young Again*. By Daphne du Maurier. Heinemann. 7s. 6d.
- The Wise and the Foolish Virgins*. By Marguerite Steen. Gollancz. 7s. 6s.
- Cross Winds*. By Elinor Mordaunt. Secker. 7s. 6d.